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The Fifth Session of this Institution will open on

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All the Departments are filled by able and efficient teachers. In addition to the usual English, French, Spanish, and modern languages, drawing, painting, music, and singing with great success. Terms for board and tuition moderate. For full particulars, address,

MRS. S. C. TRUEHEART, Principal, STANFORD, KY.

MILLINERY.

MRS. M. E. DAVIES,

Milliner and Mantua Maker,

Church St. near the Depot.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

Is now receiving and opening an elegant stock of

Summer and Fall Goods,

Street from the Best Markets.

To which she invites the attention of her customers.

MRS. M. L. BEAZLEY,

Fashionable Milliner and Mantua Maker

From Louisville to Memphis, Montgomery or Nashville.

Second door west of the old Postoffice, opposite Yates Hotel,

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Keeps on hand a complete stock of goods, including all the latest styles and varieties of Trimmings, Novelties and Novelties, and a complete line of India furniture goods, which she offers to the public at very reasonable prices.

THE WELL-KNOWN

BUFFALO STEAM MILL,

STANFORD, KY.

Is now under the sole management of the undersigned, and is prepared to do

CUSTOM GRINDING,

Corn and wheat ground

Every Day in the Week,

(Sunday excepted).

Flour and meal kept for sale at the lowest market price.

I have placed the mill in first-class running order, and hope to receive a large profit.

JOHN W. ROUT.

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(Successors Terry, Wheat & Chesney).

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Agents for Franklin Cotton Mills,

No. 231 Main St., bet. Sixth & Seventh,

Opposite Louisville Hotel,

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. F. MERRIMAN,

SURGEON DFNTIST,

STANFORD, KY.

OFFICE HOURS—From 8 A. M. to 12 M., and 1 to 5 P. M.

THE Nitrous Oxide Gas exhibited for the PAIN-LESS Extraction of Teeth. \$3-100

JOHN R. JAMES,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

(Late of Frankfort) will practice in the State and Federal Courts at Louisville and in the Court of Appeals at Frankfort.

D. B. G. BHOONAUGH,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

Office on Lancaster street, first door above bank building. Residence corner of Hustonville and Main streets, formerly occupied by Mrs. Frederick D. Weston.

WILL ATTEND TO ALL BUSINESS INTERESTED IN THEM IN PULASKI AND SURROUNDING COUNTIES. COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY MADE IN PULASKI AND WAYNE COUNTIES.

DR. BLACKBERRY & PEYTON,

AUCTIONEER,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

Having formed a partnership for the practice of Medicine and Surgery, respectively tender their services to the public in the city and vicinity. Office on Main street, former office occupied by Dr. James Clegg, where they can be consulted at any time when not engaged in their professional work. He resides second building north of Danville toll-gate, east side of pike, where he can be found at sight.

T. BUSH,

CINCINNATI AND THE EAST!

THE quickly beat and only route running a daily mail line Pullman Drawing Room Sleepers Cars from Louisville to Columbus, O., Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, and other Eastern cities.

WITHOUT CHANGE.

The only line with which passengers from the South make direct connection is the New York Central, which runs through New York, availing itself of the facilities of the New York Central from 7 to 10 hours, incident to, and arriving one train in advance of all other lines. Thus from Louisville to New York.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY., OCT. 16, 1874.



Huge Gains for Democracy, and the Radical Two-thirds Majority Knocked Upwards!

Returns from the Congressional elections in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska and West Virginia, on last Tuesday, indicate large Democratic gains.

Fourteen out of twenty Congressmen elected in Ohio, and nine out of thirteen in Indiana. West Virginia elects two Democratic Congressmen, a gain of one. Iowa only 40,000 Rep., a decrease of 20,000. The Democrats have gained twelve Congressmen, which everlastingly destroys that awful two-thirds Radical majority.

Good enough for me.

The November Election.

The election of our Congressional delegation will take place on Tuesday, the 3rd day of next month. The Democracy have candidates in all of the Congressional Districts in the State, and no apprehensions of defeat are felt in any save perhaps the Ninth and Tenth Districts. The only exciting contest, we believe, is that going on between the gilded Blackburn and the accomplished demagogue, Tom Marshal, in the Fayette District.

Marshal has exhausted every issue and worn threadbare every pretext in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Wilson, which was tried in Danville before Hon. John G. Kyle, sitting as Judge pro tem:

Resolved, That they can have the opportunity of doing so by communicating with Dr. S. F. Gano, chairman of the Executive Committee, at Georgetown, Ky.

A WARNING FROM THE BENCH. The following instructions were given in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Wilson, which was tried in Danville before Hon. John G. Kyle, sitting as Judge pro tem:

1. Drunkenness neither excuses nor mitigates crime, but evidence of intoxication in prosecutions for murder, is admissible in connection with other evidence as tending to establish or disprove malice in the person killing. Still the act of a drunken man in killing another is to be tested by the same rules of law as apply to a sober man, in determining his guilt or innocence, when charged with and on trial for the same crime.

2. Voluntary drunkenness, that merely excites the passions and stimulates to the commission of crime, in a case of homicide, by one in such condition, without any provocation, neither excuses the crime nor mitigates the punishment.

In the district in which we are more particularly interested, the Eighth, the prospects for Democratic representation are doubly certain. We have a candidate who could not be defeated, whom no party or respectable number of persons desire to defeat, and against whom no competitor appears now, or will appear.

The Democratic party of each county composing the district (old Lincoln taking the lead) gave our present Democratic Representative, Hon. Milton J. Durham, prompt, earnest and sincere public endorsement, believing that we would have a party contest with our watchful Radical foe, but happily for them, and for the best interests of the district and State, they concluded to raise no opposition to our Democratic chieftain, but to give him a comfortable walk over the track.

And the conclusion reflects credit upon both their astuteness and patriotism. What party or District wants a better representative than Milt Durham has made us? what party can produce a superior mind and heart—a nobler representative of an intelligent and patriotic people? Judge Durian, though elected in a hard party contest, represented in a faultless and unobjectionable manner, the whole people of the district, and it is fitting that the people, regardless of party organization or tenets, should return him by the largest vote ever given a Congressional aspirant in the district. And he who assists in Durian's re-election next month, be he Republican, negro or Democrat, will do honor to himself.

Court Items.

The Lincoln County Court of Claims met last Monday, and has had a busy, noisy and fruitful week's session. Most of the Magistrates attend to their duties in an intelligent, fair, unprejudiced, judicious manner, but like in all similar courts, there are necessarily, we presume, some "smart Alicks" who have no higher conception of their duty than to oppose, scale or ignore every claim that their superiors may present, whether just or fraudulent. The majority of our court however, are gratified to be able to say, are intelligent and fair-minded gentlemen, who desire and endeavor to act in their judicial capacity as representatives of the citizen-claimants as well as of the Commonwealth, and attend to the business before them like sensible men and officers of the county—watchful of the county's interests, and zealous of its good long-ago earned for liberality towards its debtors and creditors, and charitableness towards its indigent offspring—and not as a lot of Jew merchants and uncharitable nickel-squeezers, who would call it just to rob a man of his labor or Christ-like to starve a blind pauper to save the rich old county of

Lincoln a miserable pittance. The number of paupers upon the county he decreased a little during the fiscal year. The miscellaneous claims against the county will not aggregate as much as last year. Judge Saufley was allowed at the rate of \$1,000 per year for service to Sept. 1st. R. C. Warren, late County Attorney, was allowed six hundred dollars for services from Oct. 1873 to Sept. 1874. Judge Little was allowed at the rate of \$600 per year, for service from Sept. 1st. County Attorney, Bobbitt was allowed at the rate of \$500 per annum for services from September. Jno. M. Phillips was elected common school Commissioner over Rev. S. S. McRoberts and Robert Blain, by an overwhelming majority.

GRANGER RESOLUTIONS.—The Executive Committee of the State Grange of Kentucky, in session at Louisville, last week, in their deliberations, passed the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, As it has come to the knowledge of the Executive Committee of the State Grange that certain grain dealers, and other parties, have refused to buy direct from the Patrons of Husbandry in Kentucky, and are determined to foist their agents upon the Order, therefore be it:

Resolved, That we, as the Executive Committee and legal guardians of the business interest of the Patrons of Kentucky, recommend to all members of the order throughout the State, that they refuse to sell their produce to any grain dealer or other party who will not buy directly from them.

WHEREAS, Many persons in and without the State are desirous to place their goods, wares or merchandise before the Patrons of Husbandry throughout the State of Kentucky; therefore be it

Resolved, That they can have the opportunity of doing so by communicating with Dr. S. F. Gano, chairman of the Executive Committee, at Georgetown, Ky.

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The Mt. Sterling *Sentinel* thinks Hon. J. D. White, whom the Republicans have recently nominated for Congress in the Ninth District, is the worst man the party could have nominated. He is young and without political experience, and is not calculated to arouse any enthusiasm in his party. Hon. Harrison Cockrill, the Democratic nominee, has published a list of appointments extending up to the day of election. He will speak at Mt. Vernon, Rockcastle county, Tuesday, Oct. 20th; Livingston Station, Wednesday, Oct. 21st; London, Thursday Oct. 22nd. He is a logical and fluent speaker, and can interest any audience

The Paducah *Kentuckian* says "a gentleman of our acquaintance found the other night, much to his surprise, that his wife knew something about draw poker. The way of it was this. The couple have two fine boy babies. Seeing them asleep in the same bed the admiring father wondered if any body had a better pair than that. The wife thought not. The husband then said, speaking in parables as he thought, if we could draw three queens we would have a "full" that would be hard to beat, and the lady promptly replied: "Excuse me, if you please we'll stand pat on the pair we have."

There are more believers in the Darwin theory of the origin of man than one would suppose who never kept a record of popular opinions privately expressed. Verily there are a host of "independent thinkers" in this section of the immortal vineyard, who believe that man is only a tail-clipped monkey. Looking upon some of our assemblies of consequentialists we are sometimes of the opinion that the monkeys alone have reason to complain of the kinship.

The statement in the *Courier-Journal* of Thursday that Hon. M. J. Durham has withdrawn from the race for Congress in this District on account of his election as Grand Sire of the order of Odd-Fellows is false.

Thoughts on Advertising. Business men are rapidly reaching through the dear scholastic institution of experience that the public is better reached than through all the other means, costly circulars, card posters, give-aways and gimbarks put together. The established newspaper is, after all, the only general, judicious medium for advantageous advertising. A thousand doors are open to welcome it; a thousand messengers are weekly seeking the post-office to receive it; a thousand families look for its coming and thousand read it when it does come—advertisements and all.

If advertising pays at all, it pays to give it attention. The merchant who besieges

the printing office for monthly and even weekly changes in his card, square, or column, is the man whom the printer dislikes to see coming, but is also the man who will have reason to say, "My advertisement don't pay."

All people are not deaf or blind, and it is not the bold-faced, large type that is necessary to attract their attention. Rather is it the artistic neatness of typography that catches the eye and impresses the reader. Look at Haydon's advertisement in this paper, or Craig's, or Tevis', or Seaverance, Miller & Co's, or Enoch's, &c. Who has not observed them. Look at the next classification, the admirable typography and consummate skill exhibited in the composition and make-up of the advertising columns. See how the unities of the paper are observed. All this attracts the attention of every reader of taste, though it may not have elicited that degree of appreciation that it deserves, that those skilled in the "art preservative" accord it. No types are used in the JOURNAL larger than *picas*, and a full-faced picas letter looks, comparatively, as large as a cart wheel.

The JOURNAL is not an exceedingly popular paper, but it is safe to assume that it is read by an average of ten persons to each subscriber, and it is retained in the house of the economic farmer or mechanic from week to week as a matter of reference. An attractive advertisement, with ample accommodation in the matter of changes, costs say about a dollar a week by the year. Estimating our local circulation, limited alone to Lincoln county, at seven hundred, and ten readers to each subscriber, a patron gets delivered to his constituents weekly during the year, free of cost, as regards postage, 365,000 circulators, or invitations to buy his goods or wares, and at the exceedingly low price of about 13 cents per thousand, or a little over one cent per hundred, with about 8,000 for general circulation, and to elevate the business of his town or locality in the estimation of strangers. Think of it, and if you have never advertised your business, be candid enough to admit that there is virtue in judicious advertising, and that you have reaped some its benefits through the liberality of your fellow-mechants, *graciously* and to the detriment of the printer. If one merchant or mechanic in a town is sensible enough and liberal enough to advertise his business, and is doing so attracts a purchaser to him of about one dollar, who would have sought some other market, that advertiser contributes so much to the general prosperity of his fellow business men, and they share with him the profit. It may surprise about five hundred of our subscribers to learn that there are in Stanford seventy-eight mechanics and business men and women and firms whose business is not now represented in the columns of the JOURNAL; of this number fifty-three have never been represented since the publication of our first number. In the county we may estimate the number at four hundred? Is this business? Is it enterprise? Is it intelligence? "Oh, well but everybody knows me, and knows my place of business; the quality of my goods; my skill as a workman; ability as a lawyer, physician, teacher, etc." Yes, and an enterprising man can swing his nest door to you and by a liberal and judicious use of newspaper advertising, teach the people to forget that you ever existed in a business sense. A mere hint to the really wise ought to make them act wisely—especially when dollars and cents are intimately connected with the subject of the same crime.

2. Voluntary drunkenness, that merely excites the passions and stimulates to the commission of crime, in a case of homicide, by one in such condition, without any provocation, neither excuses the crime nor mitigates the punishment.

The institution of Odd-Fellows is growing and spreading its influence over our State with a new impetus this year. Quite a large number of Lodges have been instituted since the meeting of the last Grand Lodge, some of which promise distinction in a short time. Probably one of the most promising young Lodges in this part of the State is the one instituted at Monticello, Wayne county, last month, by Deputy Grand Master B. F. Pherigo, assisted by members of Somerset Lodge, which is also a flourishing young lodge, instituted by Mr. Pherigo last February. The principal officers of Sewanee Lodge, No. 251, at Monticello, are: Hon. John W. Tutte, N. G.; Richard Burnett, V. G.; Jos. Salter, Recording Secretary. Some of the principal members are: P. Miller, Representative of the county in the Kentucky Legislature; J. H. Baster, T. J. Salter, Dr. Cook, Judge Jno. L. Salter, T. J. Oatts, etc. The Lodge was instituted with thirty-two members, and at present numbers forty members. Of the thirty two members, twenty-seven took the five degrees, which is unparalleled in the history of the order in the State. Past Grand Master B. F. Pherigo has the institution of Somerset and Monticello Lodges, won considerable credit in the Grand Lodge, and if he isn't elected Grand Warden at the next sitting of the State Grand Lodge on the 27th inst., it will surprise and wound the order in Central and South-eastern Kentucky.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY., OCT. 16, 1874.

FLOATING CRUMBS.

Such many a ship of random cast,
I'd work the anchor little least.

DRAY-AL DRINKERS are laughing and
growing sleek and fat.

TEVIS offers extraordinary inducements
to purchasers this week.

FIVE thousand old papers for sale at
this office—at ten cents per dozen.

EVEN some of the Templars want dispensa-
tions to try Parsons' draft ale.

S. B. MATTHEW & CO. are selling the
last java coffee at retail, at 25¢ per lb.

S. B. MATTHEW & CO offer at retail the
best coffee sugar at 12¢ per pound.

AN early call at Hayden's store will in-
sure good bargains, while delay may miss them.

One of the best five cent cigars in the
world is the "Starlet" sold by S. B. Mat-
thew & Co.

THREE HUNDRED empty iron bound
whisky barrels, for sale at \$1 each, at S. B.
Matthew & Co's.

PAISONS furnish three hundred glasses of
fragrant, creamy richness from his draft
ale pump in a minute.

For the largest and most complete stock
ladies' and gentlemen's underwear at the
lowest prices, go to HAYDEN'S.

A large stock of Virginia tobaccoes and
choice brands of cigars, at wholesale and
retail, at S. B. Matheny & Co's.

S. B. MATTHEW & CO, are wholesale dealers
in liquors of all kinds, and have in store
over one hundred barrels of whisky.

JIM DUDDEAR is determined to price
stoves and grates so low that nothing can be
saved by buying at retail in Louisville.

THE STANFORD MILLS, owned by B. Mat-
tingly & CO, will grind wheat and corn for
one-eighth toll, the same toll that Water-
fall's gap has.

MARRIED.—On Tuesday last, at the resi-
dence of Mr. Austin Hall, by Rev. G. C.
Overstreet, Mr. L. H. Pryor to Miss Maggie
Osway, daughter of the late Samuel Osway,
deed. Attendants: W. G. Rainey and Mrs.
Kate Ramsey, E. H. Bryant and Miss
Fannie Ramsey; all of Lincoln county. A
pleasant reception was given them and their
friends at the residence of the bridegroom's
step-father, D. Wearan, and a merry time
experienced. Mrs. Wearan will accept our
thanks for a kind remembrance from the
nuptial table, and our kindest wishes at-
tend the young couple.

JOHN ROUT, present proprietor of the
Buffalo Steam Mill, is possessed of a perfect
mania for improving his surroundings.
Two or three years ago he selected a pic-
turesque niche in a secluded corner of his
place and soon made one of the prettiest
and most desirable little homes in Lincoln
county. Disposing of that (at a living
profit!) a few months ago, he took pos-
session of a small, brightly dwelling near the
mill which by judicious use of the hatchet,
saw, paint-brush and plane, he has trans-
formed into a residence which is the
admiration and envy of passers-by who
dwell in palatial homes.

THE ALDINE.—We present to our readers
this week the prospectus of the *Aldine* for
1874, and ask for it a careful perusal. This
publication is preeminently the "Art journal
of America." Every month it is a folio of
choice engravings done in the highest style
of the printing art, and its literature is of
that class which can only be produced at
an expense far above the ability of the
greatest periodicals of the country. We
believe the *Aldine* was organized not for the
purpose of earning money, but solely for the
admirable promise to pay to the subscribers
of one dollar. These turnips were planted
in August in soil that produced 1300 water-
melons. Mr. Peak was "piqued" at his de-
feat in the corn race last fall, and thinks
he can beat the world and part of Casey—
even the South Rolling Fork part—this
year. Well, we shall see.

We were standing on the street, last
Monday, waiting for something to turn up,
when Geo. Bright turned up with four
turnips big enough for rhinoceros-head.

The largest measured 27 inches in cir-
cumference and weighed 61 pounds!

How many men in our county, especially
along the C. S. R. line, are selling liquor
without license?

We are glad somebody is going to look
into these matters, for our grand juries can
do little without the aid of informers. Go it
Templars, MODERATE DRINKER.

Hall's Gap, Ky., Oct. 11, 1874.

Railroad Items.

THE whole number of men employed on
the several divisions from the Ohio River
at Ludlow, Kentucky, to Emporia Junction,
is given at 5,736. These figures are for the
actual average number employed daily.

The total number on the contractors' rolls
reaches far above the average number
given, and is increasing daily.

The first three miles running South from
the Ohio River at Ludlow comprise the
heaviest construction work on Division
A. A. hundred and sixty-seven men are
here employed.

On Division B, which consists of twenty-
five miles through Scott County, Kentucky,
there are 1,152 men employed.

The division embraces the heaviest work
between Cincinnati and King's Mountain tunnel,

and it will be seen that the force
engaged on it is comparatively very large.

About seven sections or miles of this division
will have been finished by the close of

the present month—that is, made ready for
the tie and rails. Section No. 67, Moran
& Kirwan contractors, is already completed,
and was the first section finished along the
whole line.

Division D, extending from South Dan-
ville to Somersett, a distance of forty miles,
has 996 men on it. About twenty-five
miles of the division are finished, or will

have been finished by the close of the
month, and with the exception of King's

Mountain tunnel, the whole division will

have about all been finished by the close of

October. In the tunnel there are 204 men
at work, driving away night and day, and
excavating in various directions for the
three shafts which have been sunk. The
tunnel will undoubtedly be finished within
the contract time.

Division E, extending from Somersett to
State Line, a distance of about forty miles,
has 1,070 men. Contractors were late in

paying the whole Methodist Church.

DR. A. G. HUFFMAN, an old and well
known citizen of Lincoln county, at pres-
ent a denizen of Kansas, is in Stanford on
a visit to his old friends and relatives.
He is suffering with a painful disease of

the eyes.

THE COUNTY JUDGE was appointed, at the
recent session of the Court of Claims, to
audit all claims against the Lincoln county
negro fund, and pro rata the amount now
in the treasury, some \$250, among claim-
ants.

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known citizen of Lincoln county, at pres-
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a visit to his old friends and relatives.
He is suffering with a painful disease of

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THE hour frost of last Monday and
Tuesday nights robbed of its bloom,
beauty and fragrance many a lingering
summer flower, and extracted the bitterness
and pucker power from many a rose
persimmon.

PREACHING last Sunday at the Baptist
Church by Doctor Chambliss, at the Mod-
est Church by Rev. G. C. Overstreet, at
the Presbyterian Church by Rev. S. S. Mc-
Roberts, and at the Christian church by
Rev. J. L. Allen. Very large attendance at
the Baptist church, and fair attendance at
the others.

THERE will be held at the Christian
church in Stanford, on Tuesday morning,
the 29th inst., a meeting composed of dele-
gates from the different Christian churches in
the county to consider the subject of
Missionary work. Members of the several
churches of the county invited to be present
and participate in the meeting.

THE series of meetings at the Baptist
Church closed last night with eleven addi-
tions to the church by immersion. It was
a refreshing season for our Baptist friends,
and resulted in no little good to the cause
of Christianity in our midst, and it followed
by other churches in turn, the good effects
will be felt by the community at large.

A HOUSE, and lot containing 5 acres, be-
longing to J. B. Owsley & Co., situated in
the suburbs of Stanford, was sold at auction
last Monday, to Robert Warren, for \$1,300.

COURT DAY SALES.

Stanford.—A large crowd in town and
business in the mercantile line quite brisk.

The transactions in stock were compara-
tively limited. Auctioneer Bush reported
about 200 cattle on the market, with sales
showing at moderately good prices. He sold
12 year steers at \$3½ per lb.; 12 head of
scrub yearlings at \$12 per head; 20 year
old steers at \$20; 28 yearling steers at
\$25; calves at \$11 25; 7 2-year
old steers at \$27; 13 scrub at \$15; 4 dry
cows at 18, and 2 dry cows at \$22 50. No
mules offered and few horses sold.

THE Preachersville Grange will hold an
important business meeting at 9 o'clock mor-
ning (Saturday) morning.

AZARIAH BASTIN, a nice old gentleman
address Middleburg, and sell to somebody
of one-eighth toll, the same toll that Water-
fall's gap has.

MARRIED.—On Tuesday last, at the resi-
dence of Mr. Austin Hall, by Rev. G. C.
Overstreet, Mr. L. H. Pryor to Miss Maggie
Osway, daughter of the late Samuel Osway,
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pleasant reception was given them and their
friends at the residence of the bridegroom's
step-father, D. Wearan, and a merry time
experienced. Mrs. Wearan will accept our
thanks for a kind remembrance from the
nuptial table, and our kindest wishes to-
attend the young couple.

SEVERAL sessions to the number of 7
at Castle Bradford this week, among them
Sam Turnbull to answer numerous
indictments; Wm. Smith, co. for stealing
a horse and billy from stable at Hausey's
stable.

THE "Vigilance Committee,"
Corporation Interior Journal.

I am not a member of the order of Good
Templars, and have time and again characterized
it as no avail as a reform move-
ment, for the reason that it never seemed
to me to have any settled rule of procedure
to thwart the designs of the liquor-dealers,
and reform the degraded sentiment of a
besotted world. Its adherents seem to
strike blindly at the whisky traffic, and if successful
in any of their ventures, are not satisfied. They are always grubbing
at their allies, the disorganized temperance element
of society, and show themselves prone to
reform any great things in the reformation of the drinking portion of the
community in which the order exists. We
noticed in the proceedings of a convention recently held at Stanford, however, a move-
ment that is practical and praiseworthy.—
I mean the appointment of committees of
the order in several localities of the country,
to see that the present statute-laws in
reference to the liquor traffic are not violated.
If temperance men would con-
cern themselves with the laws we now have and
would respectfully refer to the following testimonial:

We, the undersigned, have known Mr.
Ambrose Buford for many years, and
shouldingly recommend him to the farmers
and drivers of Kentucky as being a correct
business man, reliable, and worthy the
patronage of any community. Geo. Den-
ton, Dr. John Campbell, the Improve-
ment Association, and the Farmers' and
Southern Journal.

For the largest ear of corn—the Inter-
ior Journal is State Grange organ one year.

Entries free, and may be made at any
time between this date (Oct. 16) and the
second Monday in December.

HILTON & CAMPBELL,
Pro's of Journal.

AMBROSE BUFORD,
Formerly of Lancaster, Ky., has located
in a general Commission Business for the
farmers of the state, and is engaged in
endeavoring to confine himself to the com-
mission business strictly. Prompt attention and
faithful returns will be his motto. He
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TOO OLD FOR KISSES.

BY E. H. STODDARD.

My Uncle Puff, has old men,
Has children by the dozen;
Tom, Ned, and Jack, and Kate and Ann—
How many call me "cousin"!
Good boys and girls, the best was Bob:
I bore her on my shoulder;
A little boy, who
That never should grow older!
Her eyes had such a pleading way,
They seemed to say, "Don't strike me!"
These good girls, I'll tell you, say,
"I mean to make you like me."
I liked my cousin, early, late,
Who likes not little misses?
She used to sit at the gate,
Just old enough for kisses!

The was, I think, three years ago—
I learned one thing then, how to row,
A healthy sort of knowledge.
When I was plucked (we won the race),
And all were cheering them,
I thought of Uncle Puff's place,
And every country friend there.
My cousin met us at the gate;
She looked, ten years older—
A little boy, who
With manners over, older.
She gave her hand with with stately pride,
Why, what a greeting this is!
"You used to kiss me," She replied,
"I am too old for kisses!"

I have no time to waste now,
She's always in my mind now;
A full-blown bud of loveliness—
The rose of womanhood now!
She must have suites; old and young;
Most how they look before her;
Now we are all in our suits, and things must be sung
By many a sad lover!
But I will win her; she must give
To me her youth and beauty;
And I will make her live
Will be my duty;
For she will love me soon or late,
And be my blisses.
Will come to meet me at the gate,
Nor be too old for kisses!

—Harper's Bazaar.

THE PEMBERTON MILL DISASTER OF 1860.

The accounts of the fearful tragedy at Fall River have recalled to the minds of most of our readers, doubtless, the terrible destruction of the Pemberton mill at Lawrence, Mass., January 10th, 1860. On that day, while the machinery of the mill was in motion, the main building fell, without warning, and a conflagration soon after broke out in the ruins. Of 700 persons in the building at the time, 77 were killed and 134 injured, of whom fourteen subsequently died. The cause of this disaster was the faulty construction of the iron pillars which supported the floor-timbers, and the lack of adhesive power in the mortar. In the Atlantic Monthly of March, 1865, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps gave a thrilling and vivid description of the disaster in a story entitled "The Tent of January," extracts from which will be found of deep interest in this connection.

The silent city steeped and bathed itself in rose-tints; the river ran red, and the snow crimsoned on the distant New Hampshire hills; Pemberton, mute and cold, frowned across the disc of the climbing sun, and dipped, as the sky shone through. Sene's heart leaped within her. Out in the wind and under the sky she would stand again after all. She worked her head from under the beam and raised herself upon her elbow. At that moment she heard a cry—

"Fire! Fire! God Almighty help them! The ruins are on fire."

Sene was a little dizzy this morning—the constant palpitation of the floors always make her dizzy after a walk night—and so her colored threads danced out of place and troubled her.

Del Ivory, working beside her, said: "How the mill shakes! What's going on?"

"It's the new machinery they're putting in," observed the overseer, carelessly. "Great improvement, but very, very heavy; they call late on getting it all into place to-day."

The wind began at last to blow chilly up the staircases, and in at the cracks; the melted drifts out under the walls to harden; the sun dipped above the mill; the mill dimmed slowly; shadows crept down between the frames.

"It's time for lights," said Meg Match, and swore a little at her spools.

"Del," said Sene, "I think to-morrow."

She stopped. Something strange happened to her frame; it jarred, twisted, snapped; the threads untwisted and flew out of place.

"Curious!" she said, and looked up. Looked up to see her overseas turn wildly, clasp his hands to his head, and fall; to hear a shriek from Del that froze her blood; to see the solid ceiling above her; to see the walls and windows stagger; to see iron pillars reel, and vast machinery throw up its great arm, and a tangle of human faces blanch and writh! She sprang as the floor sunk. As pillar after pillar gave way, she bounded up in an instant, with the gulf yawning after her. It gained upon her, leaped at her, caught her, beyond were the stairs, and an open door; she threw out her arms and struggled on with hands and knees, tripping in the gearing, and saw, as she fell, a square ocean beam above her yield and crash; it was of a fresh, red color; she dimly wondered why, as she felt her hands slip, her knees slide, support, place, and reason go utterly out.

At ten minutes before five o'clock on Tuesday, the 10th of January, the Pemberton mill, all hands being at the time on duty, fell to the ground.

The record flashed over the telephone wires, sprung into large type in the newspapers, passed from lip to lip, a nine days' wonder, gave place to the successful candidate and the muttering South and was forgotten.

Who shall say what it was to the seven hundred and fifty souls who were buried in the ruins? What to the eighty-eight who died that death of exquisite agony? What to the wrecks of men and women who entombed to this day a life that is worth than death? What to the architect and engineer who, when the fatal pillars were first delivered to them for inspection, had found one broken under their eyes, yet had secured the contract and built with a man's will, those walls and wide, unsupported stretches could never keep their place unaided? That we love may go to the battle-ground and we are ready for the worst; we have said our good-by; our hearts wait and pray; it is life, not his death, which is the surprise. But that he should go out to his safe, daily commonplace occupation, unnoticed and uncared-for, scolded a little, perhaps, because he leaves the door open and tells us how cross we are, this morning, and they bring him up the steps, by and by, a mangled mass of death and horror—that is hard.

Sene's father heard, at 4:50, what he thought to be the rumble of an earthquake under his very feet, and stood, with bated breath waiting for the crash.

As nothing further appeared to happen, he took his stick and limped out into the street—A crowd surged through it from

end to end. Women with white lips were counting the mills. Pacific, Atlantic, Washington—Pemberton. Where was Pemberton? Where Pemberton had blazed with its lamps, last night, and hummed with its iron lips, this noon, a cloud of dust, black, silent, horrible, puffed a hundred feet into the air.

A senath opened her eyes after a time. Beautiful green and purple lights had been dancing about her, but she had had no thoughts. It occurred to her now that she had been struck upon the head. The church clocks were striking eight. A bonfire, which had been built at a distance to light the citizens in the work of rescue, cast a little gleam in through the debris across her two hands, which lay clasped together at her side. One of her fingers, she saw, was gone; it was the finger which held Dick's little engagement ring. The red band lay across her forehead, and drops dripped from it upon her eyes. Her feet, still tangled in the gear which had tripped her, were buried beneath a pile of bricks. A broad piece of flooring that had fallen slantwise robed her in and saved her from the mass of iron work overhead, which would have crushed the neatness, good taste, and good order. She never gave the children over to servants. She said to me, "I hire service for other things, but I want to take care of my children myself; so I make their clothes and teach them their lessons, and am never happier than when, surrounded by them, I watch their opening intellect." And she looked with motherly pride and tenderness over her little group of fine children, who, I fully believe, will yet rise up and call her blessed.

"Her husband, even now, while charging her with the most infamous crimes, can not keep back his real belief that no whiter-souled woman lives than Elizabeth Tilson." Still, by those who do not know Mrs. Tilson, the question is honestly asked, "What manner of woman is it, who can say, and straight unsay, at the bidding of anybody, would affirm and deny the same thing in the same breath?"

"But to my mind a full answer is found in the picture she herself gives of her own utter misery. The man she trusted had failed her. He, who should have sheltered the mother of his children with infinite tenderness, gave to the wide world a hint that she had been guilty of a nameless crime. The suspicious shadow gathered like a pall about her. She felt her heart-stone crumbling beneath her feet, and rain running over all she had—husband, children, home, everything. Smiling under blows which human eyes could see, and bearing others, which though not so great give the most cruel hint; covering before an infamized woman who was installed over her in the house; carrying to the graves of her children the dead hopes of all her life; driven to the wall; in utter despair, enduring for five miserable years—Elizabeth Tilson said what her tormentors required her to say, against her certain ruin, just as men are asking God to take care of it for her. For Christ's sake," she said. Sene listened long for the amen, but it was never spoken. Beyond they dug a man out from under a dead body unhurt. He crawled to his feet, and broke into furious blasphemies. * * * Del cried presently that they were cutting them out. The glare of the bonfire struck through the opening; saws and axes flashed; voices grew distinct. The opening broadened, brightened; the sky shone through. Sene's heart leaped within her. Out in the wind and under the sky she would stand again after all. She worked her head from under the beam and raised herself upon her elbow. At that moment she heard a cry—

"Fire! Fire! God Almighty help them! The ruins are on fire."

Sene was a little dizzy this morning—the constant palpitation of the floors always make her dizzy after a walk night—and so her colored threads danced out of place and troubled her.

Del Ivory, working beside her, said:

"How the mill shakes! What's going on?"

"It's the new machinery they're putting in," observed the overseer, carelessly.

"Great improvement, but very, very heavy; they call late on getting it all into place to-day."

The wind began at last to blow chilly up the staircases, and in at the cracks; the melted drifts out under the walls to harden; the sun dipped above the mill; the mill dimmed slowly; shadows crept down between the frames.

"It's time for lights," said Meg Match, and swore a little at her spools.

"Del," said Sene, "I think to-morrow."

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form of the Son of God. Their eyes met. Why should not Sene sing?

"Senath!" cried the old man, out upon the burning bricks; he was scorched now from his grey hair to his patched boots. The answer came triumphantly.

"To die no more, no more, no more!"

Sene little Sene."

Some one pulled him back.—Boston Globe.

Mrs. Tilton.

Lucy Stone publishes the following sketch in the *Woman's Journal* of Aug. 29:

"Those who know Mrs. Tilton well, and hence believe in her essential goodness and truth of character, should bear testimony to her now. Of all the persons in the sad scene which has been passing before our eyes, Mrs. Tilton seems to me to be more wronged and injured than any other, and at the same time to be the most innocent.

TREATMENT OF HORSE DISTEMPER.—

Stewart's American Farmer's Horse Book says: The treatment in its general features resembles that for glanders. Bleeding in the neck vein, taking about three pints of blood; then take and thoroughly mix together one tablespoonful of salaratus, three teaspoonfuls of melted butter, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of sour cream, a little salaratus. Flavor with lemon or nutmeg. Eat warm.

DOUGHNUTS OR FROSTED CAKE.

One cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and one half pound of chopped apples.

TEA CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, two eggs, two tablespoonsful melted butter, two tablespoonsful sour cream, a little salaratus. Flavor with lemon or nutmeg. Eat warm.

VINEGAR JELLY CAKE.

One cup of sugar; a lump of butter, size of a button; one egg; one-fourth of a nutmeg; one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salaratus, three teaspoonfuls of melted butter, half a cupful of cream or tar; one-half teaspoonful of soda.

INDIAN CAKE.

Two cups Indian meal, one-half cup of water; four cups of flour, one egg, salt sufficient for seasoning, two tablespoonfuls of sugar; one-half cupful of cream or tar; one-half teaspoonful of soda.

POKE CAKE.

Chopped poke root, one cup of flour, one cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of cream or tar; one-half cupful of soda.

PORK CAKE.

Half a pound salt pork, chopped fine, two cups boiling water poured over it, two cups of molasses, four cups of sugar, two heaping teaspoonfuls of ground cloves, four of cinnamon, two nutmegs, two large teaspoonfuls of salt, and one-half cupful of soda.

BAKED OATS.

One cup of oats, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of cream or tar; one-half cupful of soda.

POKE CUPCAKE.

One cup of flour, one egg, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of cream or tar; one-half cupful of soda.

POKE COOKIES.

One cup of flour, one egg, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of cream or tar; one-half cupful of soda.

POKE BISCUITS.

One cup of flour, one egg, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of cream or tar; one-half cupful of soda.

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